

12/1/70

Dear friends,

The year is going out in a bash of glory. The predicted blizzard has begun. It is falling steadily, finely, blowing slightly up to now, and accumulating at a rate of better than a half-inch an hour. We've had it for four hours now and the prediction is we'll be getting snow all night. If it does not blow and drift, maybe I'll be able to break a track with the car without getting hung up in the 400-foot lane. Last year, just a bit earlier in the season, this happened, and the car was, quite literally, frozen to the ground 75% of the way down, to out. I'd spent as much as I dare of two days digging before even starting to drive. this year I'll dig less, for I'm not up to the little I was then and I'll not overdo it. However, I'll be able to walk out to the box and hope the mailman can get thru Saturday a.m. We're fairly well prepared. Plenty of food, having shopped yesterday and splurged on a large smoked shoulder (@39¢ a pound, which is cheap hereabouts). Once cooked that will last for days. We've got eggs, oranges, dried fruit and milk, so the snow presents but the single problem. I've even laid in an abundance for the birds, small and large, got the snow shovel edged and at the door, so they can be fed as soon as I get out.

Meanwhile, a project I've never mentioned to you has been taking some of my time, and I cannot avoid it. If my unidentifiable source is correct, he has been supplying me with lists of names of peaceniks, etc., who may be marked for special and violent attention. Mostly young people and Trotskyites (they seem to have had some good agents).

Thus I've been delayed in getting around to the study I completed a few hours ago, the real purpose of this letter. I ask that you keep it in confidence, save for discussing it with Hal, who I do not know how to reach otherwise. His most likely pad is anything but secure or unobtrusive. I assume he'll be working at his seasonal specialty by the time you get this and that his circumstances may change, including the time in which he might undertake what I'd like, if he agrees it is the right approach.

I think I've solved two major mysteries. With one there is neither doubt nor the possibility of doubt. With the other, I'm confident I have the answer, know and have been able to think of nothing else, and really believe nothing else makes sense.

Probably like most of us, knowing that he was never the planned "getaway pilot", you may have wondered why Ferrie took that strange trip the night of the assassination. I am satisfied on two scores: he had an airtight alibi for the time of the assassination (Regis Kennedy, FBI), and the reason he gave is the one not possible--rest and relaxation. R&R, vacation, driving through a storm until perhaps 4:30 a.m., or with a day of not less than more than 20 wearying, tense hours? Going all that distance for no more than two days? I now have much on this I'm not able to go into now, but it is exciting and it includes his (filtered) personal version. He was connected with Oswald. He did know Oswald. The FBI knew this. Thus he had to be away, not to be caught up in the immediate reaction. By the time he got back, even though arrested, it amounted to nothing, didn't it? So, this plan, as I have theorized it first and then fairly well established it, does holdup at least in two ways: it happened and there is no other reasonable explanation. It is supported by the facts that are available, the lies and the official handling, too. Now, I also have the long-suppressed proof that he did know Oswald, that they were in the CAP together -- the same unit, the same time-- and get this: even though Ferrie was officially out of it. My information is this complete: I know who recruited him, when he joined, his serial number, the minimum period of his membership, where the hidden records are, and ditto for Ferrie, including who has the suppressed records and what they say, in this essential aspect as a minimum. I am, quite frankly, quite excited. I have been picking the right areas for pushing, too, for this is one on which the government expected me to file a suit (it was, in fact, already drafted).

My two problems are the unending ones: time and money. I've just got to find time to write on two of the books, I've got to find time to return to the Archives, and I have to find money to pay for what may be a fairly extensive amount of blind copying, at 10¢ per page.

Our fearless leaders, who add nobility to their courage, have made no announcement of it, thus strictest confidence to prevent misuse and sequestration, as has happened to me before when I've hit upon something. But the 1970 "review" has been completed. Because I'd exhausted my remedies, filed the forms, had the appeals rejected, they knew one area in which I was prepared to file suit without the possible espionage, which would have removed what doubt could have been conjectured. In another, they knew I had written, for the limited edition is copyrighted and thus available, I'd suppose already studied. So, when they are supposed to have kept a record and have promised that they would automatically send me everything once classified for which I'd asked as soon as it was declassified, instead they sent me what they had declassified on these two things on which I'd pushed hard, what is flippantly termed a "list" of what is declassified (it is neither that in any meaningful way nor complete, for I've gotten what is not listed!).

I have learned that it is not possible to scan these large quantities of carefully disarranged materials and fully comprehend them. They have to be studied with care. In many cases when I have done this, they've taken the time to go over what I ordered and removed what they didn't want me to have.

I think it is necessary to assume that there was a reason for withholding what they did. Therefore, I think I can assume that whatever has been declassified has a high probability of being valuable. Now, aside from the considerable cost of the 100-mile trip and the rather large waste of time driving, parking, deparking, etc., selective ordering makes possible easy and rapid review of what I order.

Thus there are several reasons why I think I should find some way of buying everything declassified, making duplicate copies, and immediately. I plan to begin with an inventory—just making an accurate list of everything that has been declassified. This will give me a check, a means of determining whether my orders are later gone over or whether there has been a re-review. As soon as I have this list, item and pages, I would like to order all of it and make a personal visit to Rhoads and get a promise of immediate copying with someone else present with me.

Where Hal comes in is as I've been thinking of this I got a fairly far-out idea of where the money might be obtained. With the delays in the book, pub date is more remote and even if I didn't have to give all of that to the bank when I get it, the actual getting is now too far away, so I can't plan to use it, even temporarily. Hal has spoken to a guy whose name escapes me who once phoned me and suggested he might assume the cost of publishing one of my unprinted books. He then backed off. I've forgotten his name. His envelope identified him as "Property Owner", a distinctive and I suggest unique title, as it is honest. Hal saw him and later reporter, as I recall, that he is also a doctor. I would like Hal, who has met him, as I haven't, to consider whether he can approach this man with any prospect of having him give me the money for this xeroxing. Unfortunately, I can't even guess how much is involved, but I'd say maybe several hundred dollars, perhaps more. I would not want Hal to indicate what I've already gotten, but I would want the man to understand that a smapling has been remarkably important. (The other are, by the way, is Vallee.)

I've told two others only what I have found and established. Unravelling the semantics was not difficult once I was alert to what was going on. But I did miss it the first time.

It may interest you to know that the whole business did not start with Jack Martin, that his flapjacking did help obfuscate, but he also did some rug-pulling, which is Mike. There is nothing like making a self-hoisting pertard by our "enemies". They did. And sometimes there is nothing like lies and other dishonesties for establishing truth, so it is good I deal with liars who are also dishonest in other ways.

I couldn't pay attention to the supertime TV news, and I know I can't concentrate on reading, so I'm gonna quit now, because I am a bit excited, and see if I can find some genuine junk in that idiotbox and relax. Best to you all,